A Study of the Snares in Silverware for the Person Who Dines Out.

New Designs Constantly Coming Into Fashion Demand Alertness on the Part of the Guest-Evolution of the Spoon.

New York Times. There was a time when the table was but a snare for the unwary possessor of an appetite set by the cook in his skillful treatment of things edible. On the table of to-day the silversmith shares honors with the cook in setting snares with his glittering wares, reproductions of the well-known articles which have in the growth of civilization come to replace fingers, and new creations that have grown out of new conditions, or old conditions newly recognized. The silversmith's opportunity is the continual changing of fashions in manners and in table service, between the two there being perfect sym-

pathy. For the ordinary dinner for each individual are needed two spoons, three knives and four forks. The spoons are a large one for soup, a smail one with a golden bowl for Roman punch, both to be placed in front of the cover; the knives are for meat, entree and laid at the left; on the right are forks for the same purposes, and one more intended for fish. Usually, both knives and forks grade in three sizes, the largest lying closest to the plate. For the saiad course one of the carliest removed pairs is returned again to the table, but, as courses may be multiplied, so may the need for knives and forks, yet the number is not added to in the original laying of the table. A dinner served a la mode begins with oysters-as long as the bivalve is in season -and the plate holding them is at each place as the guest sits down. Once any fork would have done for the oyster; now it has its own, a very pretty one, five or six inches long, with two flat rather broad prongs, taking up an inch or a little more of the fork's length. To imitate the novelty and prove its purpose, the lork is laid on the oyster plate; a year hence it may take its place at the end of the fork line, flanking the cover.

In the fish course the individual is passed over and the server has the new fancy for helping his dish-a tish fork. It is the old fish knife or scoop slit into four or five prongs of uneven size, the two outer ones being twice the width of the inner ones. Beyond the sentiment that tishes and forks are made for each other, this fish fork is no improvement on its predecessor.

The soup spoons of a service, which once helped vegetables, have been ousted by vegetable spoons, the idea and designs being adapted from England, where no table service is considered complete without them. Fordry vegetables the spoon has a pointed bowl, for such as have gravies or sauces the bowl at the lower edge is deeply depressed and rounded up like a cup-a very ugly shape. Both styles have larger bowls than the soup spoon and handles two or three inches longer. For taking stuffing from a capon or turkey are spoons, with the pointed bowl of the yegetable spoon, with handles a foot long. The dinner progresses until the salad, when comes a huge novelty, a substitute, in silver, for the lettuce fork and spoon of carved wood. The new creation is a formidable pair of tongs, one end terminating in a large spoon and the other in a large fork, whose prong tips are slightly curved in. Altogether the tongs are a foot long, and the curve, where you are to grasp them for use, is a handful. The idea is pretty enough, but the present form of carrying it out is too massive, lettuce being so very light. In open-worked silver with a shortened handle the lettuce tongs will become dainty and appropriate.

In strongest contrast as to delicacy in conception and make is the noveity of the year and of the decade. the "strawberry fork." For several years fashion has decreed that strawberries should appear at table with their stems, and be eaten by holding the stem of a berry in the fingers, dipping the fruit in powdered sugar, and biting it from the stem, process that the enormous size to which the fruit has come to be grown has made practicable. The forks are to replace the stems and keep the fingers from becoming stained or sticky while thus eating it. They have a length of five or six inches, one inch or a little more of which is taken up by two slender pointed prongs. They have delicate handles of twisted wire with prongs beautifully chased.

THE FORK TO THE SPOON. For years that uncertain contingent party of the social world that wants to how to eat its ice cream. As a result, between the tork and spoon honors have been easy. The silversmith has at last sized the situation and taken advantage of his own profit and the peace of the uncertain. He has designed an ice cream spoon. Its size is that of the teaspoon; its bowl makes it distinct from all of its kind, the lower edge becoming flat and pointed like a trowel. The spoon has rather triumphed as the preferred article, since it has become correct to serve with ices a cordial, a few spoonfuls of the liquid being poured over

Throughout the dinner a tiny little fork resting on the olive dish will show that at some tables the fingers have been banished from it. But once helped, they remain still the only means for conveying the muchloved, often disliked relish from the plate Sometime during the pudding course, or

probably at the end of the dinner when coffee is poured, the rarest novelty in ailver may appear. It is a wine burner, and its purpose is to burn out of spirituous liquors the alcohol they contain. It is an oblong shallow onp that will hold a dessert spoonful of trandy. At one side of the cup is a crescent-shaped piece of open-worked silver-its greatest width an inch, intended for handle. The object lying behind the burning of the alcohol is a temperance one. Through submitting the wine to the process the intoxicating properties are destroyed, and yet the flavor is preserved. There are some epicares who draw temperance lines, and to them the wine-burner commends itself in usefulness. In natural sequence supper follows dinner, but novelties appropriate to it some of those used at dinner, while in the use of others it has to divide honors with the luncheon table. With the latter supper has to share the new combination spoon and fork intended for serving chicken or celery salad. This clever idea of some worker in the precious metal has, at the end of a long, delicate handle, what begins as the bowl of a spoon and ends in the three prongs of a fork, sloping outward beyond the outer

edge of the bowl. The cold-meat fork has the original idea expressed in several new designs and one entirely new shape. The latter is intended for chipped beef, and takes the form of a pair of scissors. A stork, covered with satin-finished silver feathers, has its bill bent at an angle, and at the end of its long legs are rings through which the fingers can be slipped. The effect of manipulating the scissors is that of a bird stooping and pecking, the bill opening and closing. It is a quaint adaptation of a much-copied form in nature, but is an awkward little trick and not very practical.

Another new silver piece is the "bread fork," a trident with a short cylindrical handle of bright repousse work, and prongs of the same, three inches long, terminating in points. The idea and design is imported from the English table, where it is or practical use. The Britisher has his cold louf on the table, and slices it as one wishes it. Whoever assumes the duty passes not the bread board for you to help yourself, but the slice on the tip of the bread knife. The fork is in helping to replace the knife. It has not "taken" here, its oceupation, like Hamlet's, being gone, our bread being served already sliced and delicately placed on a plate. At breakfast appears the awkward, unornamented "cake lifter" and the cunning little butter "spreader," a new adjunct to the lately added table article, the bread-and-butter plate.

ABOUT FORKS AND SPOONS long, with a blade varying i size from a he was at work at the time of his death. half to three-quarters of an inch. One side of the end of the blade is rounded, the other side rises in a point divided into two teeth. You break apart your lump of butter with the teeth, and the blade spreads it on the bread. The butter knife of our fathers is no longer used. The new notion is to serve butter in tiny balls or ouris or cubes patted in the home pantry and kept solid in a cool place until serving. For helping there is a spear or lance of silver or gold, the point of which is thrust through the butter ball and so transferred to the bread-and-butter

To accommodate the fashion in serving. new styles of butter-bowls are seen. They are round and flat, with sides of open-work silver two inches high. The silver shape is fitted with white or colored glass or china. Their usefulness is shown in warm weather, when the glass is half-filled with ice water or cracked ice, and the butter balls float about solid and firm during the entire meal or until they are eaten.

In the new way for eating the orange the silversmith has followed the orange spoon with the orange knife and the orange holder. The orange spoon has its bowl painted, and new designs are occurring constantly. The orange knife has a blade like a rounded selmiter, one side having an edge, the other side teeth like a saw. The orange holder is an adaptation of the tong idea. It is not more than eix inches long; one-half the length is the handle, the other half is a half globe divided in the center. In the half globe the half orange is held in place by the hand pressing the long handle beneath. The half globe is slit in fingers, and finished in bright silver without ornament.

Cracked ice spoons, with small fluted bowls, are to replace the pretty, insecure little ice tongs. New candelabra are fitted with unburnable candles of porcelain, that are, in fact, lamps, the candle being merely the receptacle for the oil. Fitted with flower-decked shades, the cleverlymade imitations will pass for the genuine article. A new thing concerning candelabrais the coating of varnish or lacquer which can be given either silver or gilt. This invisible protection will last with care for months, and while it remains the metal will not tarnish, neither will it require polishing nor rubbing. All that is necessary is to wipe the candelabra with a damp cloth and immediately afterward with a dry flannel one. When the varnish wears off it can be renewed at the jeweler's.

NOTHING TO BE ASHAMED OF. For one to be ignorant of the proper use of a novelty is nothing to be ashamed of. If you are ignorant, you are just a trifle old-fashioned-a season behind time. Frank innecence and tact will save a situation from awk wardness, and sometime the resort to it is thought attractive. One rule to be observed is this: Begin to use from the outer end of your line of knives or forks; if you are uncertain of a new, strange piece of silver, wait and watch your neighbor or your hostess and act accordingly.

Local customs and usages, even in this traveled age of people and products, make certain ignorance or innocence very possible. A Southerner could not be blamed for not knowing which end of the stalk of table of his latitude. In exchange, a Northerner could not understand a bur artichoke, and in being ignorant he would

be above reproach. There is a certain sign language that obtains between host and guest, and between those who sit and those who stand and wait, and its meaning every well-bred child learns in the nursery. In the wonderful ups and downs in our country, the person who sits to-day at the finest appointed table may never have had the advantage of a nursery, nor of a mother who knew what civilization supplies to the top-ladder people. Such a person is in a kind of helpiess ignorance, and how to enlighten him is the conundrum of many. This overabundance of silver at table is due to the insatiable desire for novelty and the increased fortupes which allow the gratification of the desire. But as old silver is a patent of respectability, it is in no way banished from the ultra-fashionable table; it is used in preference whenever possible, the novelties being added according to their beauty or utility.

To own a set of old, wide, round-bowled Dutch spoons, is equal to and proof positive of, an aristocratic ancestry. Excessive decoration is the fancy of to-day as it was in the years of the last Louis of France. The bowknots, festoons and garlands peculiar to the period stated have been revived and applied to the ornamentation of our silver for the table. The handles and even the bowls of many articles are variously edged with garlands, or in some cases their entire surface is covered with conventional designs of roses, thisties, lilies and natural fern leaves. This gives opportunity for the employing of repousee or beaten work, now brought to such perfection. As for the outer finish of any piece or set, the "satin" or "polished" is equally fashionable.

With this increase of work adding expense to the manufacturer, the price of our silverware constantly goes down. The increased supply of silver in the market does not explain the evident paradox. Have recourse to the scales, however, and the truth is revealed. Our inherited spoons are very much heavier than any we buy to-day and leave to be inherited. The depreciation of silverware-always marked when solid "sterling" plated ware. And in turn it has been crowded out by what is more common than most people believe-services of gold. The applying of the word silver to our tableware is an Americanism, the sister nation using our language speaks of the same thing as plate.

ICED TEA AND RELIGION.

Hungry Waifs Flock In and Are Given Bodily and Spiritual Food,

Over five hundred hungry and thirsty men ate two thousand buns and drank 125 gallons of icea team the hail of the Sunday Breakfast Association, on Twelfth street, above Race street, last evening. The gathering was one of the most motley that ever filled the hall, not even excepting the big growd that saw "Monk" Deegan get his first square meal for a week and religion at the same time one stormy morning last January. Almost every man was in his shirt sleeves, but in strong contrast was a big bronzed wanderer, who sweltered while he kept a heavy black coat buttoned as closely around him as if he was suffering from the cold wave that usually accom-

panies a blizzard. While the men and women seated on the platform waved palm-leaf fans the coatless congregation kept a white sea of hymnal cards moving. It was a curious study of faces that looked up at President Bean when he spoke words of welcome to the hungry and thirsty. One man with a snowy beard had reached his ninetieth year. A few yards away were three little boys in tatters. A blind man was helped to a seat next to the boys, and every eye watched two wan-faced women and a child as they made their way back to a bench almost filled with colored men. As neighbor to a rea-haired man, who wore about half of a shirt, was a well-dressed young man, whose face plainly showed that he was amid novel surroundings.

"He is one of a type of unfortunate young men, strangers in the city, who have been rained by the race tracks," said one of President Bean's assistants.

There were homeless men in the gathering who had tramped from even Frankford and Manayunk to get the food and drink given by the association. There was a smile when President Bean in his hearty welcome said he was glad to see that the men had been sensible enough to leave their coats at home on such a sultry night.

Then ten attendants brought in the bas-

kets heaped with buns and the big cans filled with iced tea. Each man was allowed three cups and four buns, and only a few failed to put their cups out for the limit. There was a disposition to get away after the buns and tes had been disposed of, but President Bean gently urged his guests not to be ungrateful, but remain during the brief religious service. Not one in the audience left. After hymns had been sung by a quartet and addresses made by E. T. Mockridge, W. P. Rawlings and A. Brown, President Bean again made the motley crowd smile by suggesting that green backs

collection baskets. Lemonade will be passed around at the service next Friday evening and on Sunday evening more reed ten will be given to all the hungry men who attend.

The Maker of Sanders's Readers,

Kate Field's Paper. Old Dr. Sanders, who died several years since in New York, was a man whose conversation was full of most interesting reminiscence. On one occasion, while horrid women who have roped me in for showing me the manuscript of a new edi- one of their tea tipples." The actor did not

he told me a most interesting story of his early struggles for recognition. Sanders's spelling books, primer and readers are now known wherever the English language is spoken. They have been translated as well into Spanish and Japanese, yet when the bashful young countryman first trembled at his own boldness in presenting his carefully compiled manuscript to Harper, it was to offer that same result of so much mental and physical labor for the sum of 8). This was done in order to obtain the benefit of the potent name of the publishers on the covers of the book. The offer of the young man was rejected, but though disheartened for the time, he was by no means discouraged from further effort. Seventeen years of teaching in a country school had convinced him that both in method and subject his projected educational series was good. Hearing of another large firm in Buffalo, Dr. Sanders, without the means to travel, resolved to tramp the long distance to make the personal application he considered necessary. Before the journey was half accomplished. however, he was overtaken by a messenger from Harper Brothers, who, having reversed their decision, sent promptly to acquaint him with the fact. Upon the royalty of the primer alone Dr. Sanders realized a fortune from the Union edition issued during the war.

HUMOR OF THE DAY. Walked Into Danger.

Troth. "Are you in a position to let me have that \$10 you owe me?" "No. I've just lost my position. Can you let me have another ten!"

He Did Not Answer. New York Weekly.

Man (in theater, to woman in front)-Madame, I paid \$1.50 for this seat, and your Woman (calmy)-That hat cost \$10.

In a Measure Prepared. Chicago Record. Maud-I don't see how men can bear it to watch a prize fight. Ellen-Oh, I don't know, I've seen a session of the board of lady managers.

How Those Girls Love One Another, Truth. Ethel-Yes, I'll accept him if he proposes. But don't you tell him so."

Maud-Of course not. I don't want to put a stumbling-block in the way of his proposing. Not of the Four Hundred.

Good News. Little Miss Pugg-We is goin' to Europe. You isn't. Little Miss Freckles-Hub! You is goin' to Europe 'cause it's cheap. We is goin' to

Excused.

the world's fair.

New York Weekly. Judge-Have you formed any prejudice against the prisoner! Juryman-I have seen some newspaper pictures of him. Judge-You are excused.

It Takes Room.

Smythe-Why has Washington such abpormally wide streets? Tompkins--Oh, that's to enable a recently elected Congressman to meet and pass a newly appointed postmaster.

Setting the Limit.

Mr. Hardy Times (on his way to the fair) -Porter, why do they call this train "the limited?" Porter-'Cause, sab, you ain't lowed to gib de portab more'n fo' dollars at any one time, sah. A Case of Thrift.

New York Weekly.

made in London.

Wife-An' phwy do yez be takin' thim pills when yez are well again. Husband-Faith, would ye be afther havin' me let a dollars' worth of pills go to waste? It's a thriftless family Or married into, sure.

A Good Excuse. Clothier and Furnisher.

Father-I guess you'll have to wear this blue flannel suit of mine. I can't afford to get you another new one. Son-But it doesn't fit me. Father-That's all right. Say it was

Weary of the Ples. Washington Star. "What's that girl singing?" said Mr. Top-

floor to the bell boy. "'Oh, Promise Me,' " replied the youth. "Well, for goodness sake, go down and promise her whatever she wants and charge it to my account."

The Safest Way.

Lake City Graphic. He-I have decided to ask your father's consent by letter, Pauline, Now, what sort of a letter would you advise me to make it! She-I think, Horace, that I would make it an anonymous letter.

A Good Reason.

London Punch. Mrs. Binks-Of all things! That gentleman looked at your hat as we passed, just as a woman looks at another woman's bon-

Mr. Binks-Yes, he's the man I bought it of, and I haven't paid him. A Passionate Yearning.

New York Weekly. Mrs. Wearie-I just hate my husband's relatives, every one of them. Mrs. Brightlie-Oh, I just love my husband's relatives. I fairly dote on them.

"Where do they live!" "In Chicago." Before and After.

and am 'most dying to see them again.

He-Well, what have you there? She-Two of your old letters, my dear. He-Umph! What's the first one-that fortypager! She-One you sent me when I had a slight cold before we were married. This half page is the one you wrote last winter when I was very ill with the influenza.

No Good at Excuses.

New York Sup. "I had to be away from school yesterday," said Tommy. "You must bring an excuse," said the teacher.

"Who from?" "Your father."

"He ain't no good at makin' excuses. Ma catches him every time.'

Bright Side of It.

Chicago Tribune "You must not be discouraged, Clarence." said the good pastor, patting the boy on the head. "You have had your salary cut down, it is true, but you have not lost your job. Be thankful for that. Times will be better some day, and you will not have to work so hard for so little pay." "I know it," said the brave boy, his face lighting up with the radiance of hope and courage, "and I'm not kicking. I can buy a good bistckle now for \$40!"

Had a Private Jag. Philadelphia Times.

Here is a story about a well-known Philadelphia judge, now sitting on the bench. He had heard in cases before him a great many references to "the pleasures of the flowing bowl," "getting jolly tight," "having a high old time," etc., and never having tasted a drop of liquor in his life, it excited his curiosity. He concluded that in order to fully understand such matters he ought to understand the experience. So one evening when there was nobody at home he provided himself with two bottles of champagne and proceeded to find out what it all meant. The next morning that judge did not come down; he had sent for a doctor and for several days he was the sickest and most used up man in town. If anyone wants to see a frown and a cloud gather on a judicial face, all they have to do is to refer to "the pleasures of the flowing bowl."

The Actor's Mistake.

Philadelphia Times. A lady in Philadelphia has a curious souvenir of a great actor, now deceased. She had invited him to an informal social entertainment after the theater, and it appears that a well-known Philadelphia writer, now also deceased, must have asked him to drop in on him the same evening. In his burry the actor inclosed the note intended for the author to the lady, and sent hers to the author. The scrawl she received read something like this: "Pear B.: I will see you an hour later than you say, as soon as I can get away from one of those The "spreader" is a knife five or six mches I tion of his famous "readers" apon which I learn of his mistake until all was over.

A ROMANCE OF THE WORLD'S FAIR.

The ticket taker noticed as she came through the gate that she limped a little. And he noticed, too, that she smiled at him pleasantly, which made him concludequite correctly-that she was not from the city, and that this was her first day at the fair, and that it was a great occasion, indeed, for her, He was actually mean enough, was the ticket taker, to keep his foot lingering on the iron release a moment before he let the turnstile swing to admit her, just for the sake of seeing her look puzzled. The ticket taker might not have done this if it had been a busier bour of the day. But it was still early in the morning. There were few in the fair grounds yet, and the young woman looked around in some surprise at the almost empty avenue that stretched down between the buildings.

Her limp seemed really painful to the

ticket taker, as she made her way over to

where a group of young theological students

stood silently together by their "gospel

chariots,"as the irreverent newspaper fellows had dubbed their wheeling chairs. Some of them were raw looking fellows, and appeared much more fitted for the wheeling of chairs than the exercise of oratory in the pulpit or elsewhere. Some rather weak and inane, they had not positiveness of character to do anything but pray. But there was one among them who was standing straight on his legs, as an athiete generally does, and there was something in the lines of his firmly-closed mouth and the pose of his head that made the young woman go up to him and ask him what the price of his chair and his services were for the day. Not that she had any need to ask, for she had read all about it in the papers and calculated on it very carefully. But she asked by the way of opening the conversation. The student took off his blue cap and answered her slowly and with an ac-Her own blood was tingling in her veins. It was unbelievable to her that she was really at the fair at last-the fair which had been before her eves as a sort of glorified vision for two years, and for which she had saved, and planned, and sacrificed. It seemed to her that everybody must have been working just as she had been to get there, and that it was only natural that their voices should be tingling with enthusiasm. She felt for a moment as if she would have liked to change her young man and get one who seemed less criminally indifferent to the glories of the moment, but she was too shy

to feel that the eyes of the young students were on her. She was very light weight-so light that the well-oiled chair, on its easy bearings, impelled the pusher to walk faster than be intended, and he had to use a little resistance to moderate its pace. The little black sailor hat she wore had no trimmings, but was swathed in a fleecy black veil, as the young man observed on looking downward. The simple black gown had neither crincline nor flounces, as he noticed also, but merely wide white cuffs and collar, and the bigh tan boots and gauntlet gloves had been selected with careful reference to each other. One foot was a little shorter than the other, as was evident even as they rested on the little shelf on the chair. So much the young man casually noticed, and that the body was very slight, indeed, and had a sort of tension in it, as if nerves and muscles were on the alert.

to do that, and she made her bargain, and

seated herse if with some embarrasement in

the chair, blushing, as she was rolled away

"Where do you wish to go?" he asked perfunctorily, as he had asked on many previous mornings of his "freight." But the answer was not forthcoming. Instead, the young woman wheeled around in her chair and looked up at him with some distress on her pale face.

"I haven't an idea," she said. "I haven't been here before. This is my tirst day. I'll only have five days here. I might have had seven, only it takes a day to come and another to go. I want to see just as much as I can. I've been saving for two years to come here. I'm a typewriter-and stenographer. I can't walk much at a time, or I'd never have thought of taking a enair. If it hadn't been for taking a chair. it wouldn't have been so hard for me to come. But you see how it is. I haven't been to school much. And I thought I could get a good deal of education here. Perhaps you can tell me how. It's very important to me."

The morning wind blew her reddishbrown hair about her face a little under the veil, and made her cheeks look paler than ever. Nathan Ingersoll stopped the chair and looked down at her a moment. He had got in the way, during his thirtyodd days already spent at the fair, of keeping his personality well out of sight. At first, to be sure, he had permitted himself some feeling of personal interest in the women he wheeled about the grounds, and had ventured on a few occasions to forget that for the time being he was a paid servant, and had let his thoughts speak themselves in their accustomed way. But he had suffered three or four rather severe rebuffs. over which he had good naturedly smiled. saying they were really just what he needed, and that they were good training. But all the same he had smarted under them, and for the last two weeks had kept himself well in hand, and been as indifferent to the persons he was pushing around the grounds as they were to him. Now, however, there seemed to come into sudden existence a new condition. Evidently this was a case that involved some moral responsibility. And Ingersoll was almost morbid on the subject of moral responsi-

The red-brown eyes, which matched the half curling hair so perfectly, were still looking up at him. Ingersoll smiled down at them with an unconscious eloquence that came from his youth, and his strength, and his masculinity.

"I'll do my level best," he said, heartily, all the indifference gone out of his voice, "and if you don't see what's best to see in the time you are here it won't be my fault." "Oh," said Miss Stuart, almost breathlessly, "do you mean it would be possible for me to have you-to have this chair, I mean-every day?"

Ingersoll laughed outright this time. She was evidently very much confused lest there should seem to be something personal in this request.

"You can have this chair every day," he replied, "if you come as early as you do this morning-that is if no one gets methat is, the chair-before you do. I think I could manage to keep in the background and not to make any engagement until you came, if you think it will help you to see the fair systematically by having the same guide every day." "That's exactly what I meant," said Miss

Stuart, gracefully. "It would be such an economy of time and energy. We would know just where we left off, and wouldn't repeat ourselves." This seemed very business-like and thorough, and grounded upon such a common-

any sense of timidity that there might have been vanished immediately. Of course, it was a different day from others. How could it be otherwise? All the thoughts that had been stirring in Ingersoll's mind insisted now in breaking their shells and trying their wings, now

sense basis, the good feeling between the

two began to appear quite natural, and

that he had a listener. "It's the apex of the century," he cried enthusiastically. "This mass of finished material, this marvelous architecture, this meeting of the nations and the handicraft of the nations, this putting together of all sorts of energies."

It sounded a little sophorific to be sure. He looked down a little shyly to see if Miss Stuart was laughing; he knew her name by this time. But, so far from laughing, she had quite a rapt expression, as if she were concentrating all of her thoughts on the hour and the surroundings. It got confidence.

"I've been in the same office three years." she said once, "and the man there has never said a word to me during all that time except to dictate letters. He does not even say good morning when he comes in, or good night when I leave. I haven't missed a day in that whole time, and have hardly made a mistake in my work. He pays my salary, but he does not show any other mark of appreciation."
"The clam!" ejaculated Ingersoll, which

was, perhaps, a little thoughtless of a divinity student. "One Christmas," went on Miss Stuart, feasting her eyes in reptore on a case of

German opals, "I thought I would see if I couldn't cure him of his grumpiness. I bought him a bunch of roses, and put them on his desk. When he came he never even noticed them. And the next morning they

were thrown out, though they couldn't possibly have been faded." "Such a man ought to-" began ingersoll in a wrath that could hardly be called righteous, when anddenly Miss Stuart cried out that there was an opal with a red light in it, and they went closer to look at it. She liked womanly things. She almost trembled at the splendor of some of the jewels; she never wearied of the china and the marvelous tints of the glassware; and she pointed out beauties in the laces and embroideries that Ingersoil could not possibly discover; and she went into the most outspoken raptures over the Felix

gowns. "You're not one of these very improved women who disapprove of feminine things,

are you?" said Ingersoil. "Oh, well," she said rather sadly, "perhaps those improved women have had all these fine things. Shall I tell you the truthf I never even saw a great many things of this sort before. I think I'd just as soon wear them for a while as not. Then I could renounce them after awhile. and be just as superior as other women." "It's a great year for women," said lnger-soll, with just as much originality of man-

ner as if there was something new in the remark. "Yes," said Miss Stewart, indifferently, "but I know so few women. In fact, know hardly any, I'm so busy. And there's only the women at the boarding house. And they don't care much for me on account of my doing typewriting. Not that I mind."

"Of course not," said Ingersoll, with con-Viction. By the end of the first day they had done a good part of the Liberal Arts Building. "It would take a week to do it properly," Ingersoll explained, "but we're adapting ourselves to circumstances, don't you see.' "I'm so much obliged to you." cried Miss Stuart. "I don't know what I would have done if I hadn't met you-or some one like

So ended the first day. The next morning was dull and cold. Beyond the peristyle the gray waves dashed sullenly. The sky was like a pall. But at the hour of 8 Mary Stuart limped in the gate wrapped in a mackintosh and carrying an umbrella. Nathan Ingersoli stepped out cent of indifference that somehow was not | of the group of young men and helped her just what Mary Stuart had been expecting. | to her seat. She spoke to him a little coldly. perience. He thought may be he had been too familiar. He resolved not to speak till she gave him permission. She was determined not to make a spectacle of herself again-that is what she told herself in the night she had been doing. They went to the picture gallery. He got a catalogue for her, and took one from his own pocket. They looked at the pictures silently. When she motioned to move on he obeyed her. She wanted horribly to ask him about some of the pictures.

Why should those Frenchmen insist on making their women purplet Who ever saw a lavender woman? They are, at least, scarce. Altogether there was an astonishing lot of capvas, considering the scarcity of clothes. Mary accused Ingersoll of being positively indecent to put her chair before some of the pictures. But everyone else appeared to be looking at them without confusion. So she got used to it. At least she was almost used to it. Once a remark escaped her in spite of herself. "I don't care how beautiful a picture is," she said, "or how well it is painted-not that I'm any judge of that-unless it means something."

"Ahl" said Ingersoll. Then he took her to some other pictures. There was Christ, pale and infinitely sad, blessing bread among a group of modern workingmen, while they aghast, yet full of rapture and tearful gratitude, gazed on his dear, friendly face, in the midst of a time so alten and so hard. There was Magdalene, the modern, in a splendid ball room, and none to pity the horror and ioneliness of her heart, or even to divine it. There was the dawn of the spring day. with Corot's mystic light stealing through each dim and tender vista, and all the flush and poetry of the waking hour! The tears came to Mary Stuart's eyes. She almost thought she could hear a bird song pricking the sweet silence of that dawn.

How was it she knew her companion had thoughts like her own? How was it that little by little the silence which had begun in sulienness began to be a delight? A fuller sense of color and form seemed to break upon her. She wondered if the lonliness and dissatisfaction she had always felt had been because her had so little beautiful in life it. Every moment she seemed to understand these pictures better. She began to notice how marvelous was color! How full of wonderful graduations! Were shadows like that? Were they ever so purple? Was light on plains and deserts white as these pictures showed them to be? Were women so beautitul? Was love so poetical that painters painted it always and with such passion? How fast life seemed to be unfolding!

Her startled mind showed her suddenly the interior of the office where she had sat for three long years, and she felt again the silence-not a silence such as Corot had painted, which might at any moment be broken by the wind of dawn rushing up through the meadows, but the silence imposed upon slaves. She saw the immovable, dull, yellow face of the man she worked between the machine and the woman, and thought of them both as typewriters. Why, that has not been life at all. With a gesture born of a new courage and a new delight, she threw back her head and looked up at her companion. She wanted to make sure he was following her thoughts. He looked back at here without smiling, but with perfect comprehension, And from somewhere there came a wave of warmth, delicate and touched with a sentientioy, and passed over her body, and seemed someway to bring with it a song, and all the piotures swam for a moment in a golden haze fairer than that any of the artists had put on their mountain tops, Youth is an alchemist. He will make gold for one any moment, if he is only

given the right materials.

To follow the evolution of a soul-who can do thatf One day came when these two people were saying always: "It is the last." Any one who could have beard these un-

spoken words, and the sorrow of them, would have supposed that on the morrow creation would be destroyed. That day whatever they said was ilippant. They did nothing but jest. "Has anyone ever been over there to the

south end of the ground?" Mary asked.

Ingersoli shook his head doubtingly. "I hear they are thinking of sending for Stanley," he said. "They want to know if he wouldn't be willing to penetrate them." They got endless amusement from the people. Mary could tell whenever she met anyone who was on his "first day." They did the Midway Plaisance that day. The four ends of earth seemed to have swept together and dumped here. It was wonderful, It swept down little patriotic distinctions and all parrow thoughts of locality. These men from the Soudan, these mighty women from Dahomey, these dancers from Asia Minor, these sallow men from the spice perfumed isle of Java, these Eskimo women who held their babies close in their arms. these dreamy-eyed Bedouins, these languid Turks-were they not all the same? To live, to love, to laugh, to hope, to weep, to

And it was the last day! That night she stayed on the grounds instead of leaving at 6 o'clock, as she had previously done. She wanted to see the great basin lit by electricity. Ingersoll invited her to supper, and they ate together in the Polish restaurant, though, since they had an Irish stew, they might as well have eaten anywhere else. But they

die-what difference? 'Tis the same from

Martinique to Madagascar! Someway,

Mary had never thought of that before.

The world was getting very large to her.

didn't much notice what they ate. The light was not yet quite out of the sky, when 100,000 persons stood together in silence around the still lagoon that runs from the administration building, waiting -waiting for a thing so much the part and so after a time that she ventured bits of | parcel of this century that never can the | mortgage on heaven. one be spoken of in ages to come and be disassociated from the other. The sky was cold bine. Against it the exquisite building with dome and sloping lines and statue and tower outlined themselves clearly and delicately. Beyond the peristyle the blue lake gleamed, and in the east there hung a star. The great white mountain poured its musical streams of water down the gleaming steps. The gondolas drifted back and forth noiselessly on the lagoon. Schubert's "Serenade," of all things in the world, came softly down through the space,

throbbing with passion. Suddenly there was a transformation. From white dome and peristyle, from col-

onnade and water's edge, from pillar and frieze, gleamed out in one startling second innumerable points of fire, bright as gold,

piercing in their intensity. It was the climax! This was the best the century had done. This magic thing, born in the clouds, harnessed, tamed, trained, subjugated, made man's best messenger. his illuminator, his intelligencer, his mo-

tive power-electricity-the material triumph of the age! Whiter than ever looked the buildings, colder and bluer than ever the arching sky. And like a million near familiar stars gleamed the incandescent lights, and from the heart of the lagoon poured the waters.

lit with fire and tinted like the rambow. If it had been any other time it might not have meant so much to the two people who stood there among the throng in silence watching it. But it was-well, as it was, the beauty and the throbbing serenade, and the marvel of it all, and the subtle, thrilling magnetism of the great crowd brought about an emotion no more to be restrained than the falling of the green water over the Niagara. Ingersoll stood behind the chair and dropped a hand on that of Mary. She did not look up. She had known he was going to do it. "How long could you be patient?" he said softly, a year?"

"A thousand years." It was hard that there should have been a hundred thousand persons present. Though, come to think of it, one spectator would have been just as bad. "I won't mind the old curmudgeon," she

said. She meant the man she worked for, "I'll write every day," he said. He instinctively offered a compensation. The people on the great porches of the administration building were shouting their applause on the scene below. The torohes flamed around them and made them look like brownies as they threw up their arms and waved their hats. Ingersoll

and Mary watched them with their hands clasped tight. "It'll take me a year to finish college," he said. "You know what I told you about my prospects. I think I'm a very fortunate fellow.

He wasn't, in comparison to a great many men. But it's all in the point of view. Good fortune is merely a matter of opinion. Later on he wheeled the chair toward the gates. The crowd poured along tothe Illinois Central train. Ingersoll said some wonderful things then. Mary wondered how mere words could seem so beautiful. He felt himself thrilled with his eloquence. Nathan was not a young man of much ex- | It gave him courage to think that he might be a great man when he got in the pulpit What he was really saving was: "I love you." When the sky is blue enough and the summer wind blows, and the night is present-these words may come to seem like the lyric of the greatest poet.

"I suppose you found the fair very educational?" said Mrs. Van Doosen, wife of the local jeweler, at the dinner table, when Mary had got back to the boarding house. Mary's red brown eyes swam suddenly with a sort of mist.

"Yes, I did," she said softly. She waited for Mary to say something more. But Mary had nothing more to say. "What a stupid little thing," thought the jeweler's wife. "What good does it do people of that sort to go to the fair?"

-Elia W. Peattie, in Omaha World-Herald. ____

OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

Nearly one million people still speak This country has 9,144,590 men available for military duty.

The Grand Army of the Republic has a

membership of 406,438. The Salt sea, which once covered the Yuma desert, was once the home of ovsters from fourteen to twenty inches in diame-

According to the tracks found in a stone quarry in Connecticut, a bird with a foot eleven inches in length once inhabited It is asserted that the best, strongest and

most fibrous material in the shape of wood

now used as pulp for paper is made from The wives of Stamese noblemen cut their hair so that it sticks straight up from their heads. The average length of it is about an inch and a half.

The finest specimen of native gold ever found was in a Ural nugget, which gave nearly ninety-nine per cent. of gold, the balance being silver and copper. The first bank of the United States was incorporated in 1791 and went into business

in 1794. It was projected by Alexander Hamilton, and its capital was \$10,000,000. Judas sold his Master for thirty pieces of silver; that is, thirty Roman pennies, about \$4.124. One Roman penny was a good day's wages for an agricultural la-

On the summit of Ben Lomend may be seen the smallest tree that grows in Great Britain. It is known as the dwarf willow. and is, when mature, only about two inches in height.

It is estimated that of the five million inhabitants in London over one million are poor-living on less than £1 a week for each family-while over 300,000 are in chronic poverty. The first Sabbath school was instituted

in 1787. There are now in the United

States 108,939 Sabbath schools, with 8,649,-000 scholars. The world has 20,078,595 Sabbath school scholars. A mining company at Ishpeming, Mich., has undertaken to empty Lake Angeline. covering 160 acres and seventy feet deep in

the middle. Very valuable deposits of iron ore lie at the bottom of the lake. The Hebrews had no coins of their own until the days of the Maccabees, who issued shekels and half shekles, with the inscriptions "Jerusalem, the Holy," "Simon, Prince of Israel." These bear no images.

Impaling was used as a punishment in Turkey up to 1855. The last men impaled were four Arab Shieks, who had rebelled They were impaled at the four corners of the Bagdad bridge. One of them lived nine The charter of the United States Bank was limited to twenty years; a new bank was chartered in 1816 with a capital of

lackson removed the government deposits ın 1833. A man who lives in solitary state on an island in the harbor of Portland, Me., 18 the most extensive cat farmer in Maine, and has sixty felines about his premises. The cats have a steady diet of fish, catnip and

\$35,000,000; it was this bank from which

well water. A number of Australian ladybugs were recently shipped to California on ice. They were kept in cold storage on shipboard for thirty days, and arrived well and kicking. They are to be used for destroy-

ing insects that prey upon orange trees. The small incandescent lamp now used by physicians to aid in the diagnosis of diseases enables the trained eye to literally "see through" a person. By inserting the litte instrument, which is no larger than a pea, in the stomach, the "true inwardness" is revealed.

The custom of Chinese wearing pigtatle is not so very ancient. It dates from 1627. when the Manchus, who then commenced their conquest of the Celestial empire, enforced this fashion of doing the hair as a sign of degradation. The average queue is three feet long.

In England they have an institution known as the Rural District Nursing Association. The nurses are in training two years at a cost of \$250. Each nurse has a salary of \$125 to \$150, with board and lodging and a donkey cart in which to go the rounds of a district of two thousand or three thousand inhabitants.

By contact with this planet meteorites are raised to a temperature which reaches from three million to four million degrees -bigh enough to consume the bardest known substance almost instantly. Thus, only those of large size reach the earth before being entirely burnt up.

Suggested by the Times.

The hands that were nailed to the cross had no money in them. In the midst of life we are in danger of losing all our earthly possessions. Get a

The young man who had great p sions kept them and lost Jesus. No man can stand on a bag of money and see things as God wants him to see them. Our silver dollars are stamped "In God we trust." but we can trust God for more than 57 cents on a dollar.

Had Been There

Miss Trilobite-With what feelings of awe one must tread the solitudes where man's presence is yet unknown?

Miss Neophyte—l've tried it three summers, but shall stay in the city this sea-